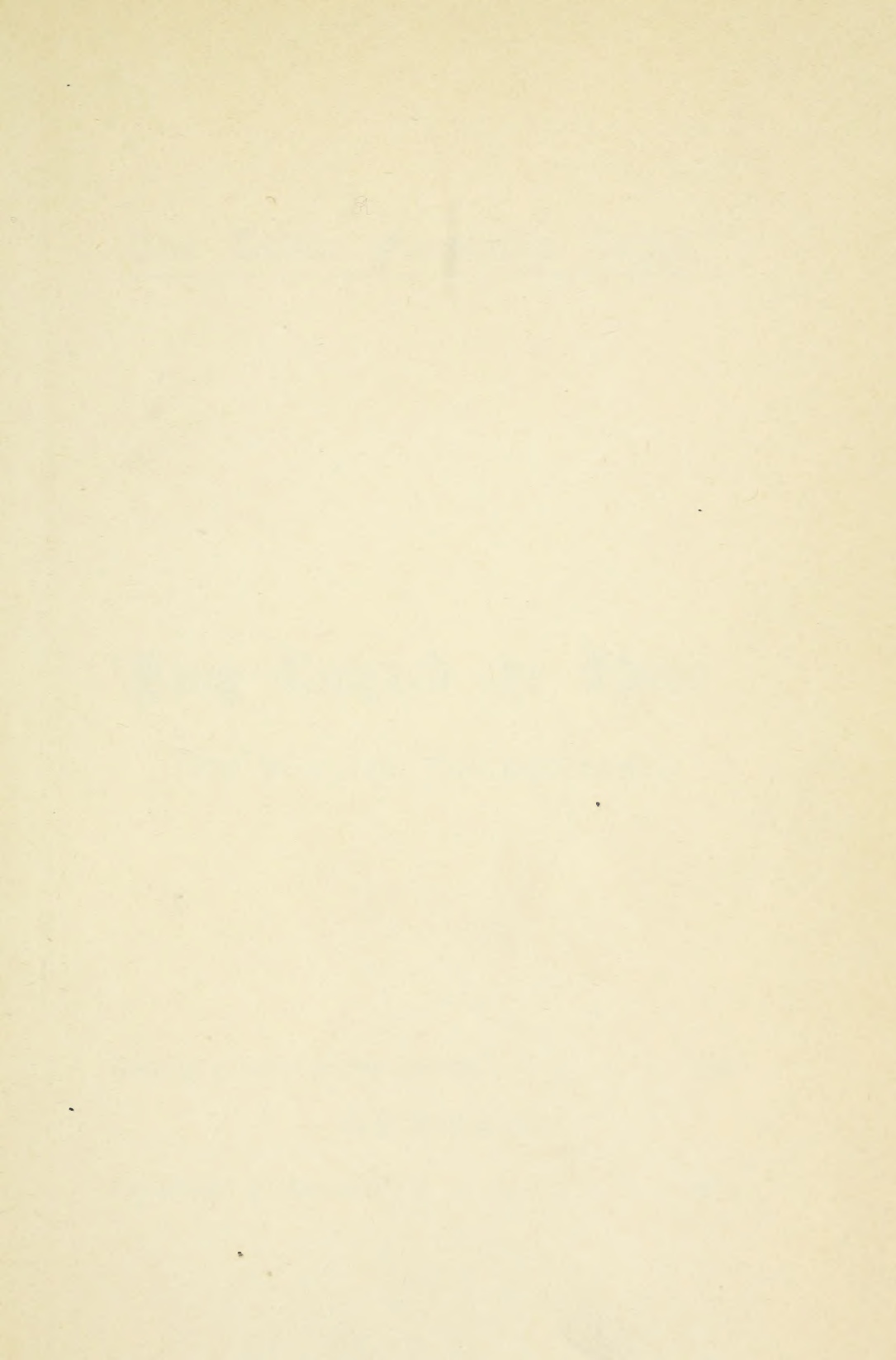




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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

King Richard the Third

[By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]

Date of earliest known quarto 1597

(B.M. 11762 cc. 3.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 106.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

King Richard the Third

[By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE]

1597

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King Richard the Third

[By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.]

1597

This reproduction of the first quarto of Shakespeare's play is from a facsimile of the only perfect copy in private hands, which, however, is not at present accessible (see the Introduction to the forthcoming Bibliographical Index to The Tudor Facsimile Texts).

The B.M. copy of the 1597 quarto wants signatures C and D; the Bodley copy is also imperfect. The B.M. 1598 quarto also lacks the title (supplied in facsimile): its copies of other editions—1602, 1612, 1622 and 1634—are complete.

The original facsimile was made (and beautifully done) by the late Mr. Ashbee some forty years ago; fifty copies only were printed, of which nineteen were destroyed. Copies are very scarce indeed.

This, therefore, seemed the most satisfactory way of filling the present gap in first-hand material for a comparative study of some of the so-called "Foundation" plays.

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE TRAGEDY OF King Richard the third.

Containing,
His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence;
the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes:
his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course
of his detested life, and most deserued death.

As it hath been lately Acted by the
Right honourable the Lord Chamber-
laine his seruants.



AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wife,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the
Signe of the Angell.
1597.



Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarmes changd to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull measures.
Grim-visage warre, hath smoothe his wrinkled front,
And now in steed of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries.
He capers nimble in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not shapd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampd and want loues maiesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spee my shadow in the sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore since I cannot prooue a louer
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies.

The Tragedy

I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, li bels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iust,
As I am subtil, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vp,
About a Prophecy which saies that G.
Of Edward, heires the murtherers shall be.
Dine thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere Clarence comes, *a gard of men.*
Brother good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace?

Clar. His Maiesly tendering my persons safety hath appointed
This conduct to conuay me to the tower.

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alacke my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his Maiesly hath some intent
That yeu shalbe new christened in the Tower.
But vwhats the matter Clarence may I know?

Cl. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wisard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toles as these,
Haue moued his highnes to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
'Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,

That

of Richard the third.

That tempers him to this extremity,
Was it not she and that good man of worshippe
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Cl. By heauen I thinke there is no man is securde,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuey.

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her liuey.

The ieaclus oreworne widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentle women,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maiesty hath streightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may pertake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well stroke in yeres, faire and not iealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a pretty foote,
A cherry lippe, a honny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mestris Shore, I tell thee fellows,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were best he doe it secretly alone.

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal for-
Your conference with the noble Duke.

(beare
We

The Tragedy

Cl. We know thy charge Brokenbury and will obey,

Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widdow sister,
I will performe it to enfranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well:

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce; farewell. *Exit Cl.*

Glo. Go treade the path that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here the new deliuered hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord:

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shal Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewd,
While keihts and buffards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Physicians feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeede,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,

Tis

of Richard the third.

Tis very gricuous to be thought vpon:
What is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before and I will follow you. *Exit Hast.*

He cannot liue I hope, and must not die,
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen.
He in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not an other day to liue
Which done, God take King Edward to his merc;
And leaue the world for me to bussell in,
For then He marry Warwicks yongest daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent.
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne with the hearse of Harry the 5.

Lady An. Set downe set downe your honourable!
If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster:
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud.
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes,
Lo in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleffe balme of my poore eies,
Curst be the hand that made these farall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to doe it.

More.

The Tragedy

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnmaturall aspect,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that beare the corse and set it downe.

La. What blacke magarian coniures vp this fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deedes.

Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S. Paule.
He make a corse of him that disobeies.

Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher than my brest,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my loote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What doe you tremble, are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,

And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.

Auaunt thou dreadfull minister of hell,

Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,

His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweete Saint, for Charity be not so curst.

La. Foule Diuell for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:

Fild it with cursing cries and deepe exclaines.

If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,

Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh

of Richard the third.

Oh gentlemen see, see dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouthes and bleede afresh.
Blush blush thou lumpe of foule deformity.
For tis thy prefence that exhales this blood,
From cold and empty veines where no blood dwell.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God which this blood madest, reuenge his death,
Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eate him quicke.
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Lady you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Lady Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knowes some touch of pitty.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Lady Oh wonderfull when Duels tell the troth,

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry
Voutsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Voutsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canst make
No excuse curreant but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such despaire I should accuse my selfe.

Lad. And by despairing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

The Tragedy

La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloody faulchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was prouoked by her flanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries,
Didst thou not kill this King. *Glo.* I grant yea.

La. Doeſt grant me hedghogge then god grant me too
Thou maieſt be damnd for that wicked deece,
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The ſitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen where thou ſhalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was ſitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place els if you will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.

La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame till I lie with you,

La. I hope ſo.

Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady Anne,
To leaue this keen incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the timeles deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner.

La. Thou art the cauſe and moſt accuſt effect.

Glo. Your beuuty was the cauſe of that effect,
Your beauty which did haunt me in my ſleeper:
To vndertake the death of all the world
So I might reſt one houre in your ſweete boſome.

La. If I thought that I tell thee homicide,
Theſe niales ſhould rend that beauty from my cheekes.

Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer indure ſweet beauties wrack,
You

of Richard the third.

You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Blacke night ouersshade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,

To be reuengd on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,

To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that berest thee Lady of thy husband,

Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.

La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.

La. Why that was hee.

Glo. The selfesame name but one of better nature.

La. Where is he. *Shee spitteth at him.*

Glo. Heere.

Why doest thou spitte at me.

La. Would it were mortall poison for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poison from so sweete a place.

La. Neuer hung poison on a fouler toade.

Out of my sight thou doest infect my eies.

Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady haue infected mine.

La. Would they were basiliskes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a liuing death:

Those eies of thine from mine haue drawn salt teares,

Shamd their aspect with store of childish drops:

I neuer sued to friend nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words:

But now thy beauty is propolde my fee:

My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speake:

Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made

For kissing Lady not for such contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgieue,

Lo here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword:

The Tragedy

Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I haue it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: *Here (he lets fall*
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. *the sword.*

L. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner

C. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it:

L. I haue already.

C. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

L. I would I knew thy heart.

C. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

L. I feare me both are false.

C. Then neuer was man true,

L. Well, well, put vp your sword.

C. Say then my peace is made.

L. That shall you know hercafter.

C. But shall I liue in hope.

L. All men I hope liue so.

C. Vour safe to weare this ring.

L. To take is not to giue.

C. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore deuoted suppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doe'st confirme his happines for euer.

L. What is it?

C. That it would please thee leaue these sad designs,
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And

of Richard the third.

And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue solemnly interred
At Chertsie monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.

La. With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tresill and Barkley go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell

La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue said farewell already. *Exit.*

Glo. Sirs take vp the corse.

Ser. Towards Chertsie noble Lord.

Glo. No, to white Friers there attend my comming.

Was euer woman in this humor woe'd, *Exeunt. manet Gl.*

Was euer woman in this humor wonne:

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What I that kild her husband and his father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest hate:

With curses in her mouth, teares in her eies,

The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by,

Hauing God, her conscience, and these bars against me:

And nothing to backe my suite at all,

But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,

And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah

Hath she forgot already that braue Prince

Edward, her Lord whom I some three months since,

Stab'd in my angry moode at Tewxbery,

A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,

Fraud in the prodigality of nature:

Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

The spacious world cannot againe afford:

And will she yet debase her eyes on me

That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,

And made her widdow to a woollbed,

The Tragedy

On me whose all not equals Edwards moiety,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus.
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier.
I doe mistake my person all this while,
Vpon my life she findes, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a merueilous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To study fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers, Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, theres no doubt his Maie-
Will soone recouer his accustomed health. (sits)

Gray In that you brooke it, ill it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace quick and mery words,

Qu. If he were dead what would betide of me.

Ry. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gr. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Glocesten
A man that loues not me nor none of you.

Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Qu. It is determinde, not concluded yet.
But so it must be if the King miscarry. *(Enter Buck, Darby)*

Gr. Here comethe Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buck. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your Maiesty ioyfull as you haue been.

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And

of Richard the third.

And loues not me, be you good Lo. assurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Dar. I doe beseech you either not beleuee
The enuious slaunders of her false accusers,
Or if she be accuside in true report,
Beare with her weakenes which I thinke proceedes
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ry. Saw you the King to day, my Lo: of Darby?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Came from visiting his Maiesty.

Qu. With likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madame good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him.

Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.
I feare our happines is at the highest. *Enter Glocester.*

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it,
Who are they that complaines vnto the King,
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy Paul they loue his grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such discentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smoothe, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with french nods and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abulde,
By filken flie insinuating iackes?

Ry. To whom in all this presence speakes your Grace?

Glo. To thee that hast nor honesty nor grace,
When hast I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee or thee or any of your faction:
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But

The Tragedy

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:
The King of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any suiter else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brothers, and my selfe:
Makes him to send that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growen so bad
That wrens make pray where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery lacke became a Gentleman:
Theres many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come come, we know your meaning brother Gl.
You enuy my aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue neede of you.

Glo. Meane time God grants that we haue neede of you,
Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgract, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble those
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raise me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earnest aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord you doe me shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Ry. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may Lo: Ryuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more Sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts,
What may she not, she may, yea marry may she.

Ry.

of Richard the third.

Ry. What mary may she.

Glo. What mary may she, marry with a King;
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lo: of Glocester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty
With those grose taunts I often haue endured:
I had rather be a countrey seruant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu,*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margaret.*

Qu, Mar. And lesned be that smal, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King,
Tell him and spare not, looke what I haue said, I
I will auouch in presence of the King: I
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

Qu, Mar. Out diuell I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxbery.

Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packhorse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I spilt mine owne.

Qu, Mar. Yea and much better bloud then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Ryuers, so were you, was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albones slaine:
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are,
Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.

Qu, Ma. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Qu, Ma. Which God reuenge,

The Tragedy

Glo. To fight on Edwards party for the crowne,
And for his meede poore Lo: he is mewd vppe:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish, foolish for this world.

Qu. Ma. Hie thee to hell for shame and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ry. My Lo: of Glocester in those busie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo: our lawfull King,
So should we you if you should be our King,

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. As little ioy my Lord as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries King,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.

Qu. M. A little ioy enioies the Queene thereof,
For I am she and altogether ioylesse,
I can no longer hold me patient:
Heave me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In sharing that which you haue pild from me: -
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that I being Queene you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposide you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinckled witch what makst thou in my sight?

Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make before I let thee go:
A husband and a son thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them gau'st the Duke a clout,
Stept in the faultlesse bloud of pretty Rutland:

His

of Richard the third.

His curses then from bitterness of soule
Denounst, against thee, are all fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloody deede.

A Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O'twas the fouleſt deede to ſlaie that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.

Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buch. Northumberland then preſent wept to ſee it.

Qu. M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkeſ dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
That Henries death my lovely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes loſſe, my woſull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not, by war, by ſurfet die your King,
As ours by murder to make him a King.
Edward thy ſonne which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſonne which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like vntimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Outliue thy glory like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiest thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another as I ſee thee now
Deckt in thy rights, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happy daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene:
Riuers and Dorſet you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou Lo: Haſtings when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, god I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withred hag.

Q. M. And leaue out the ſtay dog for thou ſhalt hear me

The Tragedy

If heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worne of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liuest,
And take deepe traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleepe, close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a he'l of vgly d:uels.
Thou eluish markt abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuity
The slave of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauy wombe,
Thou lothed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercy, for I had thought
That thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.

Qu. M. Why so I did, but lookt for no reply,
O Let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (*selfe.*)

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your

Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-
Why strewst thou suger on that bottled spider, (*tune*)
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Foole foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisenous bunchbackt toade.

Hast. False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
Lest to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

Rt. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To serue me well, you all should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:

O

of Richard the third.

O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

Q. M. Peace Master Marques you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:
O that your young nobility could iudge,
What twere to loose it and be miserable:

They that stand high haue many blast to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselues to pieces.

Glo. Good counsell mary, learne it learne it Marques.

Dor. It toucheth you my Lo: asmuch as me.

Glo. Yea and much more. but I was borne so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

Qu. M. And turnes the sun to shade, alas, alas,
Witnes my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkenes foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries nest,
O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charity.

Qu. M. Vrge neither charity nor shame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand
In signe of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the aire.

Q. M. Ile not belecue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,

The Tragedy

His venome tooth will rackle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death and hell, haue set their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Qu. M. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from: (sell,

O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*

Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

Ryn. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her by gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.

Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge:

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hoat to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,
He is franckt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Ryn. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.

Glo. So doe I euer being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Cates. Madam his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:

Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.

Ry. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt man. Ri.*

Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroad,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others:
Clarence whom I indeed haue laid in darkenes,
I doe beweepe to many simple guls:

Name-

of Richard the third.

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene and her allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they belecue me, and withall whet me,
To be reuenged on Ryuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs doe good for euill:
And thus I clothe my naked villany,
With old odde ends stolne out of holy writ,
And seeme a Saint when most I play the Diuell:
But soft here come my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now my hardy stout resolu'd mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deede.

Execu. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Gl. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done repaire to Crosby place;
But first, be sudden in the execution,
Withall obdurate, doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May moue your harts to pittie if you marke him.

Exec. Tush feare not my Lo: we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:
We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.

Gl. Your eies drop milstones when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your busines. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

Brok. Why lookes your grace so heauily to day?

Clar. Oh I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames,
That as I am a christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though twere to buy a world of happy daies,
So full of dismall terror was the time.

Brok. What was your dreame, I long to heare you tell it.

Cla. Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke,

Vpon

The Tragedy

Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster:
That had befallen vs, as we past along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the hatches:
Me thought that Gloucester stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me that thought to stay him ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in my eares,
What vgly sights of death within my eies:
Me thought I sawe a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in scorne of eies reflecting gems,
Which wooed the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?

Clar. Methought I had, for still the enuious floud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it forth,
To seeke the emptie vast and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agony.

Cla. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past me thought the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law renowned Warwicke,
Who cried alowd what scourge for periury.
Can this darke monarchy afford false Clarence,
And so he vanisht, then came wandering by,

A sha-

of Richard the third.

A shadow like an angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squakt out alowd,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxbery:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thoughts a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after
Could not belecue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No marueile my Lo: though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

cla. O Brokenbury I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

Bro. I will my Lo: God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrowe breake seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night mornings, and the noonetide night,
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toile,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of restlessse cares:
So that betwixt their titles and lowe names,
Theres nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?

Execu. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither

Bro. Yea, are you so brieft. (on my legs.)

2 Exe. O sir, it is better to be brieft then tedious,
Shew him our commission, talke no more. *He readeth it.*

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I wilbe guiltles of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there sits the Duke a sleepe,

The Tragedy

He to his Maieſty, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſign'd my charge to you.

Exe. Doe ſo, it is a point of wiſedome.

2 What ſhall I ſtab him as he ſleepes?

1 No then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2 When he wakes,

Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.

1 Why then he will ſay, we ſtabd him ſleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorse in me.

1 What art thou afraid.

2 Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be dānd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.

1 Backe to the Duke of Gloceſter, tell him ſo.

2 I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humor will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.

1 How doeſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (in me.)

2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet with

1 Remember our reward when the deeде is done.

2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1 Where is thy conſcience now?

2 In the Duke of Gloceſters purſe.

1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out,

2 Let it go, theres few or none will entertaine it,

1 How if it come to thee againe?

2 He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,

It makes a man a coward: A man cannot ſteale,

But it accuſeth him: he cannot ſweare, but it checks him:

He cannot lie with his neighbors wife, but it detects

Him. It is a bluſhing ſhamefaſt ſpirit. that mutinies

In a mans boſome: it fills one full of obſtacles,

It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold that I found,

It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turned out of all

Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and euery

Man that meanes to liue wel, endeuors to truſt to

To himſelfe, and to liue without it,

1 Zounds

of Richard the third.

1 Zounds it is euen now at my elbowe perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and belecue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh:

1 Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geere.

1 Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of thy sword,
And then we wil chop him in the malmsey But in the next

2 Oh excellent deuice, make a sop of him (roome.

1 Harke he stirs, shall I strike.

2 No, first lets reason with him.

Cl. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

1 You shall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.

Cl. In Gods name what art thou.

2 A man as you are.

Cl. Bnt not as I am, royall.

2 Nor you as we are, loyall.

Cl. Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cl. How darkly, and how deadly doest thou speake:
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

Cl. To murther me. *Am.* I.

Cl. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so;
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it.

Wherein my friends haue Ioffended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cl. I shalbe reconcild to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lo: therfore prepare to die.

Cl. Are you cald foorth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence.

Where are the euidence that doe accuse me:

What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp

Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounst

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by course of law?

The Tragedy

To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare blood shed for our grieuous finnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deede you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is the King.

Clar. Erronious Vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.

2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarell of the house of Lancaster.

1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vowe, and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.

2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadful Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cl. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nounce was stroke dead by thee?

Cl. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.

1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell and thy fault
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

Cl. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am

of Richard the third.

I am his brother, and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for meede, go backe againe,

And I will send you to my brother Glocester,

Who will reward you better for my life,

Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Glocester hates you.

Cl. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.

Am. I, so we will.

Cl. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:

And chargd vs from his soule, to loue each other,

He little thought of this deuided friendship.

Bid Glocester thinke of this, and he will weepe.

Am. I, milstones as he lesseond vs to weepe.

Cl. O doe not slaunder him for he is kind.

1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiu'st thy selfe,
Tis he hath sent vs hither now to slaughter thee.

Cl. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,

He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,

That he would labour my deliuary.

2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worldsthraldome, to the ioies of heauen,

1 Makes peace with God, for you must die my Lo:

Cl. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, by murthering me?

Ah sirs, consider, he that set you on

To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede.

2 What shall we doe?

Cl. Relents and saue your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

Cl. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelish,
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

The Tragedy

1 I thus, and thus: if this wil not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But, in the next roomc.

2 A bloody deede and desperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.

1 Why doest thou not helpe me,
By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*

1 So doe not I, go coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede I must away,
For this will out and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Ryuers, Dorset, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good daies worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my redeemer to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part from heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings. take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

Hast. So thrise I as I truly sweare the like.

King. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Riu. And I, as I loue hastings with my heart.

King. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lo: Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfaignedly.

Q. Here Hastings I will neuer more remember

Our

of Richard the third.

Our former hatred so thriue I and mine.

Dor. This enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shalbe vniolable.

Hast. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you or yours, but with all duteous loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me, this doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall Princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace, *Enter Gloucester.*

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King & Queene,
And Princely peeres, a happy time of day

Kin. Happy indeede as we haue spent the day:
Brother we haue done deedes of charity:
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong insenced peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false Intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmity
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madam I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.

The Tragedy

Of you my noble Coosen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were logde betweene vs.
Of you Lo: Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:
I doe not know that English man aliue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My soueraigne liege I doe beseech your Maiesty,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead,
You doe him iniury to scorne his corse.

Ryn. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buck. Looke I so pale Lo: Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good Land no one in this presence,
But his red couler hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.

Glo. But he poore soule by your first order died,
And that a wingled Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blond:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from suspition. *Enter Darby.*

Dar. A boone my soueraigne for my seruice done.

Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse grant.

Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandst.

Dar. The forfeit soueraigne of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolkke.

Kin. Haue

of Richard the third.

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death;
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue?
My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduise?
Who spake of Brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who tolde me in the field by Teuxbery,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himselfe
All thin and naked to the numbcold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vassailes
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defaste
The pretious image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon pardon.
And I vniustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I vngratious speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. *(Exit.*
Come Haltings help me to my closet, oh poore Clarence,
Glo. This is the fruit of rashnes: markt you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company.

E

*Exeunt.
Enter*

The Tragedy

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy. (breast,

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands, and beate your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Gerl. Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawaies.
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My pretty Cosens, you mistake me much,
I doe lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepe for one thats lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vnckle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daily prayers, all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you wel
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vnckle Gloucester
Tould me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuisd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he tould me so, he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my checke,
And bad me rely on him as in my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his child.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous visard hide foule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark what noise is this. *Enter the*

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe? *Que.*
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this seeane of rude impatience.

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence: Ed-

of Richard the third.

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be brieve:
That our swiftwinged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest,

Dut. Ah somuch interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moiety of my grieve,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares.

Girl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widdowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring foorth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being governd by the watry moane,
May send foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my eire Lo: Edward.

Ambo Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer Widdow, had so deare a losse.

The Tragedy

Ambo. Was neuer Orphanes had a dearer losse,

Du. Was neuer mother had a dearer losse:

Alas, I am the mother of these mones,

Their woes are parcelld, mine are generall:

She for Edward weepes, and so doe I:

I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weepes, and so doe I:

I for an Edward weepe, so doe not they.

Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,

Poure all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glocest.*

Glo. Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, *with others,*

To waile the dimming of our shining starre :

But none can cure their harmes by wailing them,

Madame my mother, I doe crie you mercy,

I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee

I craue your blessing.

Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,

Loue, charity, obedience, and true duety.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,

Thats the butt end of a mothers blessing:

I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-sorrowing peeres

That beate this mutuall heauy lode of moane:

Now cheare each other, in each others loue:

Though we haue spent our haruest of this King,

We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lately splinterd, knit, and ioynd together,

Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht and kept,

Me seemeth good that with some little traine,

Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht

Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,

Who they shalbe that straight shall post to Ludlow:

Madame, and you my mother will you go,

To giue your censures in this waighty busines,

Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt man, Glo. Buck*

Buck.

of Richard the third.

Buck. My Lord who euer iourneies to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two stay behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talkt of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.

Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistory:
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

Enter two Cittizens.

1 Cit. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?

2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1 Heare you the newes abroad?

2 I, that the King is dead.

1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublous world. *Ent. ano-*

3 Cit. Good morrow neighbours. *ther Citt.*

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?

1 It doth. **3** Then masters looke to see a troublous world

1 No no, by Gods good grace his sonne shall raigne.

3 Woe to that land thats governd by a childe.

2 In him there is a hope of gouernement

That in his nonage counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well,

1 So stooke the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at ix. moneths olde.

3 Stooke the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With pollitike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.

2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.

3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be neereft:
Will touch vs all too neare, if God preuent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes kindred hauty and proud,

The Tragedy

And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

2 Come come, we feare the worst, all shalbe well,

3 When cloudes appeare, wise men put on their clokes:
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night:
Vntimely stormes, make men expect a dath:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue or I expect.

1 Truly the soules of men are full of bread:
Yee cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.

3 Before the times of change still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by prooffe we see,
The waters swell before a boistrous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?

2 We are sent for to the Iustice,

3 And so was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my young Cosen it is good to growe.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Nnckle Gloucester,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,

of Richard the third.

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Mary they say, my Vnckle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres olde:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Gramam this would haue heene a biting iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretty Yorke who tolde thee so.
Yor. Gramam his nurse.
Dut. His nurse: why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. It were not she, I cannot tell who tolde me.
Qu. A perious boy, go to, you are too shrewde.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lo: M. Dorset.
What newes Lo: Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lo: as grieues me to vnfolde.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madame, and in heath.
Dut. What is thy newes then?
Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence.
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what, these nobles were committed,
Is all vnknownen to me my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ayme I see the downfall of our house,
The tyger now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:
Insulting tyranny beginnes to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,

I see

The Tragedy

I see as in a mappe the ende of all.

Du. Accursed and ynquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost:
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated and domestike broiles,
Cleaue ouerblowne themselves, the conquerours
Make warre vpon themselves, bloud against bloud,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come come my boy, we will to sanctuary:

Dut. Ile go along with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My gracious Lady go,

And thither beare your treasure and your ghods,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The scale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the sanctuary.

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-
clo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne,

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prin. No Vnckle, but our crosses on the way
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauy:
I want more Vnckles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Those Vnckles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poison of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin.

of Richard the third.

Pri. God keepe me from false friends, but they wer none,

Glo. My Lo, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo:M. God bleſſe your grace with health and happy daies.

Prin. Ithanke you good my Lo: and thanke you all:

I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Haſtings that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come, or no, *(Enter I. Haſt.)*

Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lo:

Pri. Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knowes, not I:

The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke

Haue taken ſanctuary: The tender Prince

Would faine haue come with me, to meete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish courſe

Iſt this of hers? Lo: Cardinall will your grace

Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke

Vnto his Princely brother preſently?

If ſhe deny, Lo: Haſtings go with him,

And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

Anone expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate

To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid

We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge

Of bleſſed ſanctuary, not for all this land,

Would I be guilty of ſo deepe a ſinne.

Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lo:

Too ceremonious and traditionall:

Weigh it but with the groſſenes of this age,

You breake not ſanctuary in ſeizing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place,

And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,

And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

F

Then

The Tragedy

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children neuer till now.

Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lo: Hastings will you go with me?

Hast. I go my Lord.

Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you, some day or two,
Your highnes shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prin. I doe not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?

Buc. He did, my gracious Lo: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.

Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiue ly from age to age he built it?

Buc. Vpon record my gracious Lo:

Pri. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Pri. What say you Vnckle?

Glo. I say without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
I morallize two meanings in one word,

Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of this conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
He tell you what my Cosen Buckingham.

Buc. What my gracious Lord?

Prin.

of Richard the third.

Pri. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a souldier as I liude a King.

Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Pri. Rich. of Yorke how fares our louing brother?

Yor. Well my dread Lo: so must I call you now.

Pri. I brother to our grieve as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty.

Glo. How fares our Cosen noble Lo: of Yorke?

Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You said that idle weedes are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowen me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lo:

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cosen, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little Cosen, withall my heart.

Pri. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vnckle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no grieve to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cosen.

Yor. A greater gift, O thats the sword to it.

Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it light enough.

Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger may.

Glo. It is too heauy for your Grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?

Yor. I would, that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.

Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

The Tragedy

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little like an Ape,
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly raunts himselfe,
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along,
My selfe and my good Cousen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreate of her,
To meeete you at the tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?

Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:
My Gramam tolde me he was mured there.

Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Pri. And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare:
But come my Lo: with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dorfmanet. Rich. Buck.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vige vpon the way:
What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde,
For the instalement of this noble Duke,
In the late royall of this famous ile?

Catesb.

of Richard the third.

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buck. What thinkest thou then of Stanley what will he?

Cat. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then no more but this:

Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off.
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His aunient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.

Buck. Good Catesby effect this busines soundly.

Cat. My good Lo: both, with all the heede I may.

Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?

Cat. You shall my Lord.

Glo. At Crosby place there shall you finde vs both.

Buc. Now my Lo: what shall we doe, if we perceiue
William Lo: Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?

Glo. Chop of his head man, somewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood posselt.

Buc. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with all willingnes:
Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Messenger to Lo: Hastings.

Mes. What ho my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes at the dore.

Mes. A messenger from the Lo: Stanley. *Enter L. Hast.*

The Tragedy

Hast. Whats a clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Hast. Cannot thy Master sleepe these tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First he commendes him to your noble Lordship.

Hast. And then. *Mess.* And then he sends you word.
He dreamt to night the beare had taste his heline:

Besides, he saies there are two counsels held,

And that may be determined at the one,

Which may make you and him to rewe at 'the other;

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure: }

It presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speede post into the North,

To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

Hast. Go fellow go, retorne vnto thy Lord,

Bid him not feare the seperated counsels:

His honour and my selfe are at the one,

And at the other, is my seruant Catesby:

Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instance.

And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,

To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers,

To flie the boare, before the boare pursues vs

Were to incense the boare to follow vs,

And make pursuite where he did meane no chase:

Go bid thy Master rise and come to me,

And we will both together to the tower.

Where he shall see the boare will vse vs kindly.

Mess. My gracious Lo: Ile tell him what you say. *Enter*

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: *(Cates.)*

Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering state?

Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:

And I belecue it will neuer stand vp right,

Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.

Hast. Howe? we are the garland? dost thou meane the

Cat. Iny good Lord.

(crowne?)

Hast.

of Richard the third.

Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul-
Ere I will see the crowne so foule misplaste: (ders
But canst thou guesse that he doth aime at it.

Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hences
That they who brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.

Hast. O Monstrous monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and so twill doe
With some men els, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowest are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my Lo: where is your boare-ipeare man?
Feare you the boare and go so vnprovided?

Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may iest on: but by the holy roode.
I doe not like these seuerall counsels I.

Hast. My Lo: I should my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,

Was

The Tragedy

Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am? (don,

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from Lon-
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day ouercast,
This sodaine scab of rancour I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needelesse coward:
But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?

Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded.

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hats:
But come my Lo: let vs away. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Go you before, Ile follow presently. *(a Pursuant.*

Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?

Pur. The better that it please your Lo: to aske.

Hast. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now.
Then when I met thee last where now vve meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe.)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.

Hast. Gramercy Hastings hold spend thou that, *He giues*

Pur. God saue your Lordship. *(him his purse.*

Hast. What Sir Iohn, you are wel met, *(Enter a priest.*
I am beholding to you for your last daies exercise:

Come the next sabbath and I will content you. *He whis-*
Enter Buckingham. *(pers in his eare.*

Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they doe need the priest *(priest,*
Your honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lords?

Buck.

of Richard the third.

Buck. I doe, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou knowest it not:
Come shall we go along? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Rickard Ratliffe, with the Lo: Rivers,
Gray, and Vaughan prisoners.*

Ratl. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Ryv. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudsuckers.

Ryv. O Pomfret Pomfret, Oh thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble peeres.

Within the guilty closure of thy wals
Richard the second here was hackt to death:

And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke,

Gray. Now Margarets curse is false vpon our heads:
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Ryv. Then curst the Hastings, then curst the Buckings-
Then curst the Richard. Oh remember God, *(ham:*
To heare her praiers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come come dispatch, the limit of your lines is out.

Ryv. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Councell.

Hast. My Lords at once the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ryv. To morrow then, I guesse a happy time,

Buc. Who knowes the Lo: protectors mind herein?

The Tragedy

Who is most inwa d with the noble Duke.

Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lo: we know each others faces: (his mind

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,

Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

Lo: Hastings you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his Grace. I know he loues me well:

But for his purpose in the coronation:

I haue not sounded him nor he deliuerd

His Graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my noble Lo: may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe, Ile giue my voice,

Which I presume he will take in Gentle part.

Bish. Now in good time here comes the Duke himselfe.

Glo. My noble L. and Cosens all, good merrow, (*Ent. Glo.*

I haue beene long a sleeper, but I hope

My absence doth neglect no great designs,

Which by my presence might haue been concluded:

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:

William L: Hastings had now pronounst your part:

I meane your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lo: Hastings no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your Grace.

Glo. My Lo: of Elie. *Bish.* My Lo:

Glo. When I was last in Holborne:

I saw good Strawberries in your garden there,

I doe beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I go my Lord.

Glo. Cosen Buckingham, a word with you:

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our busines,

And findes the testy Gentlemen so hoat,

As he will loose his head ere giue consent,

His Masters sonne as worshipful he termes it,

Shall loose the roialty of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my Lo: Ile follow you. *Ex Gl.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too sodaine:

For

of Richard the third.

For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As els I would be were the day prolonged.

*Enter B.
of Ely.*

By. Where is my L. protector, I haue sent for these stiawbe-
Ha. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth to day, (*rises.*

Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.

I thinke there is neuer a man in christendome,
That can lesler hide his loue or hate then he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his lookes.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say. *Enter Gloucester.*

Glo. I pray you all, what doe they deserue,
That doe conspire my death with duellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild,
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

Hast. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble pretence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lo: they haue deserued death.

Glo. Then be your eies the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewicht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore.
That by their witchcraft, thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lo:

Glo. If thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Telst thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.

Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not diue to day I sweare,

Vntill I see the same, some see it done,

The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt. manet*

Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Cat. with Ha.*

For I too fond might haue preuented this:

Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

The Tragedy

But I disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day, my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the tower,
As loath to beare me to the slaughterhouse.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I tolde the Pursuant

As were triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret Margaret: now thy heauy curse,
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.

Cat. Dispatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who buildes his hopes in aire of your faire looks,
Liues like a drunken sayler on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.

Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me that shortly shalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come Cosen, canst thou quake and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then beginne againe, and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.

I can counterfai the deepe Tragedian:
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:
Intending deepe suspition, gasty looks
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices

To grace my stratagemis. *Enter Maior.*

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Maior,

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlook the wals.

Buck,

of Richard the third.

Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocence defend vs. *Enter Catesby*

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Hast head.*

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a christian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded,
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smoothe he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainer of suspect.

Buck. Well well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, wert not by great preseruacion
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.

Maior. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke you we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the forme of lawe,
Proceede thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution.

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded
To warne false traitours from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.

Dur. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,

The Tragedy

Because, my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The maner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same
Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconster,ys in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But my good Lord, your graces word shall serue
As well as I had scene or heard him speake,
And doubt you not, right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens,
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.

Glo. And to that end we wisht your Lordship here
To auoyde the carping censures of the world.

Buc. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

Glo. Alter, after, coosin Buckingham, *Exi: Maior.*
The Maior towards Guildhall hies him in all post,
There at your meetst aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Cittizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was termed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to theyr seruants, daughters, wiues,
Even where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart
Without controll listd to make his prey:
Nay for a neede thus farre, come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with childe
Of that vnfatiate Edward; noble Yorke
My princely father then had warres in Fraunce,
And by iust computation of the tyme
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know, my Lord, my mother liues.

Buc.

of Richard the third.

Buck. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied,
Wyth reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three or foure a clocke look to heare
What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuy order, *Exit Buc.*
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice, that no maner of person
At any tyme haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scrinener with a paper in his hand.
This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engrossed,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the sequele hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to wryte it ouer,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doying,
And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord Hastings,
Vntaynted, vnexamined, free, at liberty:
Heeres a good world, the while. Why whoes so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuiçe?
Yet whoes so blinde but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When such bad dealing must be sene in thought. *Exit*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what say the Cittizens?

Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Cittizens are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of Edwards children?

Buck. I did, wyth the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles, his owne bastardy,
As beyng got, your father then in Fraunce:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Beyng the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and noblenesse of minde,

Laid

The Tragedy

Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in warre, wisdom in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an ende.
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.

Glo. A and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And aske the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Cittizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisdomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blockes were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lo: (speake?)

Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.

Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mighty suite:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easily wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade aswell for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe?

No

of Richard the third.

No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.

Buck. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Exit.*

Now my L. Maior, I dance attendance heare,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here coms his seruant: how now *Catesby* what saies he,

Cates. My Lord, he doth intreat your grace
To visit him to morrow or next daie,
He is within with two right reuerend fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suite would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Cittizens,
In deepe delignes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue soine conference with his grace.

Cates. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*

Buck. A ha my Lord this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines.
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull soule.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the souerainty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

Buck. I feare he wil, how now *Catesby*, *Enter Cates.*
What saies your Lord?

Cates. My Lo. he wonders to what end, you haue assembled
Such troupes of Cittizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him,

Buck. Sorrie I am my noble Cosen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,

And so once more returne and tell his grace:

Exit Catesby.
When

The Tragedy

When hollie and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich. with two bishops a lōste.

Maior. See where he stands between two clergie men.

Buck. Two props of vertue for a christian Prince,
To staie him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantaganet, most gracious prince,
Lend fauorable cares to our request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends,
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?

Buck. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboute,
And all good men of this yngouerned Ile.

Glo. I do suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cirties eies,
And that you come to rephend my ignorance.

Buck. You haue my Lord, would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?

Buck. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreme seat, the throne maiesticall,
The sceptred office of your auncestors,
The lineall glorie of your roiall house,
To the corruption of a blemish't stocke:
Whilst in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defact with scars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion,
Which to recure we hartily sollicit,
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraingtie thereof,
Not as Protector steward substitute,

Or

of Richard the third.

Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine;
But as successiuelie from bloud to bloud,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consoorted with the Citizens
Your verie worshipfull and louing frinds,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust suite come I to moue your grace.

Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterlie to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut awaie,
And that my path were euen to the crown,
As my ripe reuenew and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
Beeing a Bark to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnes couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glorie smotherd:
But God be thanked there's no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seat of maiestie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I laie what you would laie on me:
The right and fortune of his happie stais,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered:
You saie that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So saie we to, but not by Edwards wife,
For first he was contract to lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witnesse to that vowe,
And afterward by substitute betrothed

The Tragedy

To *Bona* sister to the king of Fraunce,
These both put by a poore petitioner
A care-crazd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best daies
Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc t the pitch and height of al his thoughts,
To base declension and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince,
More bitterlie could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

Mayor. Do good my Lord your Cittizens entreat you.

C. ius. O make them ioisfull grant their lawful suite.

Glo. Alas, why would you heape these cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie,
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loath to depose the chuld your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throane,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Catesby

of Richard the third.

Cates. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their sute.

Ano. Doe, good my lord, least all the land do rewe it.

Glo. Would you inforce me to a world of care :

Well, call them againe, I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind intreates,

Albeit against my conscience and my soule.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,

To beare her burthen whether I will or no,

I must haue patience to indure the lode,

But if blacke scandale or soule-fact reproch

Attend the sequell of your imposition,

Your meere inforcement shall acquittance mee

From all the impure blots and staines thereof,

For God he knowes, and you may partly see,

How farre I am from the desire thereof.

Mayor. God blesse your grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title :

Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.

Mayor. Amen.

Buck. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd.

Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:

Farewel good cousine, farwel gentle friends.

Exennt.

*Enter Quee. mother, Duchesse of Torke, Marques Dorset, at
one doore, Duchesse of Glocest. at another doore.*

Duch. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whether awaie so fast?

Duch. No farther then the Tower, and as I ghesse

Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,

To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enteral together, *Enter*

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. *Lieutenant.*

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,

How fares the Prince?

Lien. Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,

The Tragedie

I may not suffer you to visite him,
The King hath straightlie charged the contrarie.

Qu. The King? whie, whose that?

Lien. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he set boundes betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?

Du.yor. I am their Fathers, Mother, I will see them.

Duch.g/o. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother;
Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.

Lien. I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. *Enter L.Stanles.*

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerente looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned, Richards royall Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart,
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found,
With this dead killing newes.

Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your grace?

Qu. O Dorset speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, go crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,

And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shali haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwise delaie:

Duch.yor. O ill disperſing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,

of Richard the third.

A Cocatrice hast thou hatch to the world,
Whose ynauoided eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come Madam, I in all hast was sent.

Duch. And I in all vnwillingnes will go,
I would to God thar the inclusiue verge,
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
were red horte steele to seare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadlie poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Duch. glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarfe the bloud was well waht from his handes,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so young, so olde a widow,
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so madde,
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lordes death,
Loe, eare I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans hart,
Grosselie grewe captiue to his honie wordes,
And prou'd the subiecte of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will no doubt, shortlie berid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints,

Duch. glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.

Duch. glo. Adew poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

Du. yor. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.

Goe

The Tragedie

Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I scene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crown'd. Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King Stand al apart. Coosin of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth
the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice

And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
But shal we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioice in them.

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:

Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Saie on my gracious soueraigne.

King Whie Buckingham, I saie I would be king.

Buc. Whie so you are my thrice renowned liege.

King Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble prince.

King O bitter consequence,
That Edward stil should liue true noble prince.
Coosin, thou wert not wont to be so dul:
Shal I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenlie performde,
What saist thou? speake suddenlie, be brieft.

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

King Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Saie, haue I thy consent that they shal die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my lord,
Before I posituelie speake herein:

I wil resolute your grace immediatlie. *Exit.*

Catesb. The king is angrie, see, he bites the lip.

King I wil conuerse with iron witted fooles
And vnrespectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,

of Richard the third.

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. My Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie mind,
Gould were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name.

Boy. His name my Lord is Tirrell.

King. Go call him hither presentlie,
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he nowe for breath? *Enter Darby.*
How now, what newes with you?

Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marques Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those partes beyond the seas where he
abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquite me out some meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe giue out
That Annemy wife is sicke and like to die,
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes vvwhose growth may damadge me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine vvaie of gaine, but I am in
So far in bloud that sinne vvill plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eie. *Enter Tirrel.*
Isthy name Tirrili?

Tyr. James Tirrell and your most obedient subiect.

I

King.

The Tragedy

King Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious Soueraigne,

King Darst thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.

King Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,
Foesto my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tirrel I meane those bastards in the tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.

King Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrel*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *he whispers in his eare*,
Tis no more but so, saie is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.

Tir. *Tis* done my gracious lord.

King Shal we heare from thee *Tirrel* ere we sleep? *Enter Buc.*

Tir. Ye shall my lord,

Buck. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare that newes my lord.

King *Stanley* he is your wifes sonnes. Well looke to it.

Buck. My lord, I claime your gift, my dew by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King *Stanley* looke to your wife, if she conuay
Letters to Richmond you shall answer it.

Buck. What saies your highnes to my iust demand.

King As I remember, Henrie the sixt
Did prophecie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuissh boy:

A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.

King How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.

King Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shoud me the Castle,

And

of Richard the third.

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

King. Wel, but whats a clocke?

Buck. Vpon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Whie let it strike?

King. Because that like a lacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

Buck. Whie then resolute me whether you wil or no?

King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buck. Is it euen so, rewardst he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings* and be gone
To Brecknock while my fearefull head is on.

Exit,

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pittieus massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborne,
To do this ruthles pece of butcherie,
Although they were flesht villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another,
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their summer beautie kist each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my mind,
But O the Diuell their the villaine stopt,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

The Tragedy

The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speake and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Richard.*
And here he comes, all haile my soueraigne leige.

King. Kind Tirrell art I happie in thy newes.

Tyr. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them,
But how or in what place I do not know.

Tir. Come to me Tirrel soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrel.*
Farewel til soone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in mariage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittain Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer, *Enter Catesby.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad that thou comst in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad newes my lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied armie:
Come I haue heard that feareful commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delaie,
Delaie leades impotent and snail-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing,

of Richard the third.

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a king :
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be brieue when traitors braue the field.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death ;
Here in these confines filie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries :
A dire induction am I witnesse to,
And wil to Fraunce, hoping the consequence
Wil prooue as bitter, blacke and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here ?

Enter the Qu. and the Dutcheſſe of Yorks.

Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes !
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
Houer about me with your aierie winges,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſaie that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.

Quee. Wilt thou, O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrayles of the Wolfe :
When didſt thou ſleepe when ſuch a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holie *Harry* died, and my ſweet ſonne.

Duch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortal liuing gholt,
Woſſe ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.

Qu. O that thou wouldſt aſwel afford a graue,
Aſthou canſt yeeld a melancholie ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here :
O who hath anie cauſe to mourne but I !

Duch. So manie miſeries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied toong is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, whie art thou dead ?

Qu. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefite of ſignorie,

The Tragedie

And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admitte societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Ricard kild him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

Duch. I had a Richard to, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland to, thou hopst to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence to, and Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doeth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blouds,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How doe I thanke thee, that this carnal curre,
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her puefellow with others mone.

Duch. O, Harries wifes triumph not in my woes,
God witnes with me, I haue wept for thine.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quitte my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse,
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimelie smothered in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buie soules,
And send them thether, but at hand at handes,
ensues his piteous, and unpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, saintes praie,
To haue him suddenly conuied away.

Cancel

of Richard the third.

Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse,
That botteid spider, that foule bunch-backt toade.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering Index of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onelie, mockt with two sweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euerie dangerous shot,
A Queene in least onelie to fill the sccaue,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doest thou ioye?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troopes that followed thee?
decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happie wife, a most distressed widow,
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a verie caitiue crownd with care,
For one being sued to, one that humblie sues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me,
Thus hath the course of iustice whe'eld about,
And left thee but, a verie praie to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not,
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow,
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slippe my wearie necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

Qu. O.

The Tragedie

Qu. O thou wel skild in curses, staie a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the nights, and fast the daies,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, wil teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dul, O quicken them with thine,

Q. Mar. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Du. Why should calamitie be ful of words? *Exit Mar.*

Qu. Windie attumies to your Client woes,
A erie succeders of intestine ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at al, yet do they ease the hart.

Duch. If so, then be not too long-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sons smotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

*Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.*

King Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From al the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers?
Tel me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

King A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I saie. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or

of Richard the third.

Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations,

Du. Art thou my son?

King. I, I thank God, my father and your selfe,

Du. Then patiently here my impatience.

King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Du. I will be mild and gentle in my speach.

King. And brieft good mother for I am in hast.

Du. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie,

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Du. No by the holie roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth to make the earth my hell,
A greuous burthen was thy berth to me,
Teechie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightful, desperate, wild, and furious.
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?

King. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie,
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Du. O heare me speake for I shal neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you art too bitter.

Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Eeare from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perishe,
And neuer looks vpon thy face againe,
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the daie of battaile tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearest,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victorie,

The Tragedy

Bloudie thou art, bloudie wil be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I saie Amen to all.

King. Staie Maddam, I must speake a word with you,

Qu. I haue no moe sonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
They shalbe praying nunnes not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, roiall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of roiall bloud,

Qu. To saue her life, ile saie she is not so.

King. Her life is onlie safest in hir birth.

Qu. And onlie in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good stars were opposite,

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.

King. All vnauoided is the doome of destinie,

Qu. True when auoided grace makes destinie,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life. *(armes*

King. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good,

King. The aduancement of your children mightie Ladie.

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads,

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The high imperial tipe of this earths glorie.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor?

Canst

of Richard the third.

Canst thou demise to anie child of mine.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie soule,
Thou drown the sadd remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be brieft, least that the proceffe of thy kindnes,
Last longer telling then thy kindnes doe.

King. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter,

Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my harts loue I do thanke thee for it.

King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Saie then, who dost thou meane shal be her king?

King. Euen he that makes her Queen, who should be else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I euen I, what thinke you of it Maddame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That would I learne of you.

As one that are best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?

King. Madam with al my hart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding harts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happellie she wil weepe,
Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy fasher, a handkercher steeped in Rutlands blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eies therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a storie of thy noble acts,
Tel her thou madst awaie her Vncle Clarence,
Her Vncle Riuers, yea, and for her sake
Madst quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne,

King. Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the waie.

The Tragedy

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other waie
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

King Saie that the king which may command intreats.

Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbids.

King Saie she shalbe a high and mightie Queene.

Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King Saie I will loue her euerlastinglie.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last.

King Sweetlic inforce vnto her faire lyues end.

Qu. But how long farely shall her sweet life last?

King So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

King Saie I her soueraign am her subiect loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraintie.

King Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainlie told.

King Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest is to harsh a stile.

King Madame your reasons are too shallow & too quicke

Qu. Ono my reasons are to deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.

King Harpe not one that string Madam that is past.

Qu. Harpe on it still shall I till hartstrings breake.

King Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.

Qu. Prophand, dishonerd, and the third vsurped.

King I sweare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.

The George prophand hath lost his holie honor,
The Garter blemisht pawnd his knightlie vertue,
The crown vsurpt disgrac't his kinglie dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleude,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.

King Now by the world.

Qu. Tis ful of thy foule wrongs.

King My

of Richard the third.

King. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath that dishonord.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe thy selfe misusest.

King. Whie, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all,

If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,
The imperiall mettal circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now, two tender plaie. fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe, haue manie teares to wash,
Hereafter time, for time, by the past wrongd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughterd,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whose children thou hast butcherd,
Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast,
Misused, eare vsed, by time misused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hostile ames, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Daye yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure heartes loue,
Immaculate deuocion, holie thoughtes,
I tender not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
In her consistes my happines and thine,
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her selfe, and manie a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auoided but by this,

The Tragedie

It will not be auoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by desertes, but what I will deserue,
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not pieuish, fond in great designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus.

King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

King. I, if your selves remembrance, wrong your selfe.

Qu. But thou didst kill my children.

King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed,
Selves of themselves, to your recomfiture.

Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.

King. And be a happie mother by the deede,

Qu. I goe, write to me verie shortlie.

King. Beare her my true loues kisse, farewell.

Exit.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*

Rat. My gracious Soueraigne on the westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Naue. To the shore,
Throng manie doubtfull hollow harted friendes,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.

King. Some light foote friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is hee?

Cat. Heremy Lord,

King. Flie to the Duke, post thou to Salisburie,
When thou comst there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Whie standst thou still? and goest not to the Duke.

Cat. First mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What, from your grace, I shall deliuer them.

King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presentlie at Salisburie,

Rat.

of Richard the third.

Rat. What is it your highnes pleasure, I shall do at Salisbu-

King. Whie? what wouldst thou doe there before I goe? (ry,

Rat. Your highnes told me I should post before.

King. My mind is changd sir, my minde is changd.

How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbie.

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good, nor bad:

Why doest thou runne so many mile about,

When thou maist tell thy tale a neerer way.

Once more, what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.

King. There let him sinke, and be the season him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?

Dar. I know not mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.

Dar. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.

King. Is the chaire emptie? is the sword vnswaied?

Is the king dead? the Empire vnposselt?

What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?

And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire?

Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the sea?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.

King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welshman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power then? to beate him backe,

Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore?

Safe conducting, the rebels from their ships.

Dar. No my good Lord, my friendes are in the North.

King. Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?
When they should serue, their Soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie Soueraigne.
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,

He mu-

The Tragedie

He muster vp my friendes and meete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maiestie shall please.

King. I, I, thou wouldst be gone, to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not trust you Sir.

Dar. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

King. Well, go muster men, but heare you, leaue behinde,
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friendes am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exceter, his brother there,
With manie mo confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
And euerie houre more competitors,
Flocke to their aide, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He strikes h him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but songs off death.
Take that vnill thou bring me better newes.

Mes. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is that by sudden flood, and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckingham's armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled, no man knowes whether,

King. O I crie you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewardes for him that brings in Buckingham.

Mes. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my liege, are vp in armes,

Yet

of Richard the third.

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittainie nauie is disperst, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie, he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittainie.

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forreine enemies,
Yet to beate downe, these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond,
Is with a mightie power lauded at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost,
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought,
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanlie is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes young Georges head,
The feare of that, with holdes my present aide,
But tell me, where is princelie Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him.

S.Christ. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanlie,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew,
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they doe bend their course,
If by the way, they be not fought withall.

Dar. Retourne vnto thy Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartelie consented,
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,

L.

These

The Tragedy

These letters will resolute him of my minde.
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speake with him.

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holie king Henrie, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and ali that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Doe through the cloudes, behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction.

This is Alsoules day fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buck. Whie then Alsoules day, is my bodies domesday;
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found,
False to his children, or his wiues allies;
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith, of him I trusted most:
This, this Alsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determind respite of my wrongs:
That high al-feer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the swordes of wicked men,
To turne their owne pointes, on their Masters bosome:
Now Margarets curse, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quorh she, shall split thy hart with sorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Prophetesse,
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friendes,
Bruise vnderneath the yoke of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment.
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines

of Richard the third.

Lines of faire comfort, and incouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your former-feldes, and fruitfull vines,
Swills your warme bloud like wash; and makes his trough,
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine,
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,
In Gods name cheerlie on, couragious friendes,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1 *Lo.* Euerie mans conscience is a thousand swordes,
To fight against that bloudie homicide.

2 *Lo.* I doubt not but his friendes will flie to vs,

3 *Lo.* He hath no friendes, but who are friendes for feare,
Which in his greatest neede will shrinke from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Exit.*

*Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe,
Catesbie, with others.*

King. Here pitch our tentes, euen here in Bosworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad.

Car. My hart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. Norffolke, come hether.

Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Norff. We must both giue, and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well, all is one for that:
Who hath discried the number of the foe.

Norff. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Whie our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delate,

The Tragedy

For Lordes, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.

Rich. The wearie sonne hath made a golden sete,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest:
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doest thou know.

Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistane his coulers much,
Which well I am assur'd, I haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.

Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needefull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it,

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.

Giue me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
Limit each leader to his feuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength,
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes busines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe

Catesb. &c.

King. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is sixe of clocke, full supper time,

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some inke and paper,
What? is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readines.

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie centinell,

Norff. I goe my Lord.

Stur

of Richard the third.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before sun rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blind caue of eternal night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be found and not too heauy Ratliffe.

R. r. My lord.

King. Sawst thou the melancholie Lo Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,
Much about cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army cheering vp the soldiors.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a boule of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say.

Exit. Ratliffe

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Darby. Fortune and victorie set on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tel me how fares our louing mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who praies continuallie for Richmonds good,
So much for that the silent houres steale on,
And flakie darkenesse breakes within the cast,
In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earelie in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie strokes and mortal staring war,
I as I may, that which I would, I cannot,

The Tragedie

With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubful shooke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewel, the leasure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long fundried friends should dwel vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good lordsc onduct him to his regiment;
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen, *Exunt.*
O thou whole Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a graciouslye;
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmets of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eare I let fal the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!

*Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, sonne
Harry the sixt, to Ri.*

Ghost to Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stablt me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesburie, dispaire therefore and die,

To Rich. Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to Ri. When I was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
Thinke on the tower and me dispaire and die,

Harrie

of Richard the third.

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holie bethou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe liue and florish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me set heaue in thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich. Thou ofspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile liue and florish.

Enter the ghosts of Riuer, Gray, Vaughan.

King Let me sit heaue in thy soule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die,

Gray. Thinke vpon Graie, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

All to Ri. Awake and thinke our wrongs in Richards bosome,
Wel conquer him, awake and win the daie.

Enter the ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghost to Ri. Dreame on thy Coosens smothered in the tower,
Let vs be lead within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of kings,
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee florish.

Enter the ghost of Hastings.

Ghost Bloudie and guiltie, guiltie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy daies,
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the ghost of Lady Anne his wife,
Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

The Tragedie

That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fille thy sleepe with preturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword despaire and die.

To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth praie for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deedes and death,
Fainting, despaire, despairing yeeld thy breath,

To Rich. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmons side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

King Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame,
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is now dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare? my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I and I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason whie?
Least I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for anie good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deedes committed by my selfe,
I am a villaine, yet I lie I am not,
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euerie tale condemns me for a villaine,

Periurie

of Richard the third.

Periurie, periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vnde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pitie me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pitie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I had murderd,
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zoundes, who is there?

Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the earlie village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friendes are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friendes proue all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid off shadows.

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance often thousand souldiers,
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neere day, come, go with me,
Vnder our tents Ile plaie the ease dropper,
To see if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lordes to Richmond.

Lo. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercie Lordes, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.

Lo. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowisie head,
Haue I since your depature had my Lordes,

M.

Me

The Tragedy

Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murderd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is verie Iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lordes?

Lo. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Whie, then tistime to arme, and giue direction.

His oration to his souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countriemen,
The leasure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whome we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truelie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raifd in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A base foule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice, ward you as his souldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors.
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rightes,
Aduance your standards, drawe your willing swordes,
For me, the raunsome of my bold attempt,
shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face:

But

of Richard the third.

But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you, shall share his part thereof.
Sound drummes and trumpets boldlie, and cheerefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

King. He said the trueth, and what said Surrey then.

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose,

King. He was in the right, and so in deede it is:

Tell the clocke there.

The clocke striketh.

Giue me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue braud the East an hower agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will nor be seene to day,
The skie doeth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these dewie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: whie, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-same heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes sadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field,

King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Standlie, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth, my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawen out all in length,
Consisting equallie of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
shall haue the leading of this foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the matne battle, whose puissance on either side,
shall be well winged with our chieftest horse:
This, and Saint George to bootes what thinkest thou Norffolke?

The Tragedy

Nor. A good direction warlike foueraigne,
This found I on my tent this morning,

*be sheweth him
a paper.*

*Iocky of Norfolk be not so bould,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

King A thing deuised by the enemye.

Go gentlemen euery man vnto his chaige,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuild at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law.
March on, ioine brauelie, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his army.

What shal I saie more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runawaies,
A scum of Brittaines and base lacky pefants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring to you vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much colde as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these stragglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselves,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their own land beaten bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight gentlemen of England, fight bold yeomen,

Draw

of Richard the third.

Draw archers draw your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves,
What saies lord Stanley, wil he bring his power?

M. f. My lord, he doth deny to come,

King Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.

King A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them victorie sits on our helmes.

Exeunt.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesby.

Catesb. Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire lord, or else the daie is lost.

Enter Richard.

King A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

Catesb. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

King Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fieue haue I slaine to daie in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain
then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the
crowne, with other Lords, &c.*

Ri. God and your armes be prais'd victorious freends,
The daie is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Courageous Richmond, wel hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped roialtie,
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.

But

The Tragedie

Rich. Great God of heauen saie Amen to all,
But tell me, is yong George Stanley liuing.

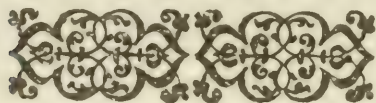
Dar. He is my lord, and safe in Leicester towne,
Whether if it please you we may now withdraw vs,

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

*John Duke of Norfolk, Water Lord Ferris, sir
Robert Brookenbury, & sir William Brandon.*

Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the sacrament,
We will vnite the white rose and the red,
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and saies not Amen?
England hath long been madde and scard her selfe,
The brother blindlie shed the brothers blood,
The father rashlie slaughterd his own sonne,
The sonne compeld ben butcher to the fire,
All this deuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Deuided in their dire deuision.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine together,
And let their heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudy daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in streames of blood,
Let them not liue to tast this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God saie *Amen.*

FINIS.



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